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02x06 - Mixed Blessings

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02x06 - Mixed Blessings

by **bunniefuu** Posted: **02/22/02 07:09**

(In a very odd dungeon-like room,the boys watch on a monitor as some scruffy cutie jerksoff in separate area of the very odd dungeon-like room.)

Ted: Internet Access, $38.00. Adult porn site membership,$29.95.

Michael: Watching men jerk off in the comfort of your ownhome? Priceless.

Brian: Masturbate the possibilities.

Michael: All you're showing is a twink beating his meat.

Ted: And you're point being?

Michael: Well there must be 8 dizillean g*y porn site.

Em: I personally had think about 7 dizillian porn site.

Michael: What makes you're any different?

Ted: Oh Ye of little faith. OK, imagine you're at you'redesk and work for even Worthshafter and you're working onyou're calculations. It's do it 5, but you're alreadydone. Let's be honest, you give a sh*t aboutcalculations.

Em: Who's calculations?

Ted: So, you're log on for a little afternoon delight.But suddently Mr.Workshafter bargins in and shot,"Where is that file?" [he push "F10"]And voila.

Brian: A non-cubicle dweller, that's really slick.

Michael: Ultimate in safe sex.

Ted: JerkAtWork.net! For guys who don't only work...atwork.

Em: I say he need something.. bigger.

Brian: He looks like he's doin' alright to me.

Ted: Bigger, huh? OK, Robby it's time for you're break.

[Robbie huffs. Robbie puffs. And Robbie blows his wad allover himself. The Boys are impressed.]

Michael: Holy cumshot!

Ted: Don't forget, you're back in ten minutes!

Michael: He can come again in ten minutes?

Ted: With withness by the jizzball. Proving that thehandjob is quicker than the eye.

Brian: Yeah, well leave it to you to figure out how tofake an orgasm.

[Cut to the Comic Book Store thatMichael brough, where Emmett and Vic are helping Mikeclean up and organize.]

Vic: The Squid?

Michael: Uh, Issue and Year?

Vic: Issue 21, 19...

Michael: ...67. Right wall, row three.

Em: You know, I think they should be classified by thesuperhero's fashion sense. Superheroes with taste,superheroes that clash --

Vic: Let's hope they never let you near the Library ofCongress.

Michael: How did Buzzy run this place? Nothin' catalogueand inventory not existing. There is no in caps andwindow display. This place is a f*cking mess.

[Debbie comes in with drinks for all.]

Debbie: Yeah and I would have k*lled him when there's notbe a pleade either.

Michael: What was I'm thinking to buy this place?

Debbie: Who the hell I know? Shity old story with allmusty comics.

Michael: Thanks for the pepp talk, Mom.

Debbie: But it's your dream, sweetheart, and that's allthat matters.

[A six foot something, blue button-down shirt, bluejeans, beaten brown leather jacket, glasses guy comes in.Sandy hair, chin cleft. Emmett gets so distracted by thatguy that he runs into Michael's chair and stubs his toe.]

Michael: Em, what are you looking?

Em: At him. This glasses. I just love the boyish type.

Vic: There's so much to learn between the covers.

Em: So, what do you think?

Vic: Mike?

[He eats some food.]

Michael: Huh?

Vic: g*y or nay?

Em: Mmmh, the jacket and the shoes, the classic stuff. Isay straight.

Michael: Sandman, Batman, Superman. If he picks up anX-Men, I say he's g*y.

Vic: I've go with Michael. Comic sense over fashionsense.

[The man goes to Debbie.]

Man: Excuse me, I'm looking for Wonder Woman.

Deb: You found her! Just kidding. You're looking for myson. He's the owner. Michael! You're got a customer!

Michael: Hi, can I help you?

Man: Yeah, yeah, I'm hope so. I'm looking for some comicbooks.

Michael: Good thing you didn't go next door, or you wouldhave gotten Lebanese takeout. Anything particularly?

Man: Yes, actually. I'm looking for works based on theirnarrative, their graphics, cultural references,subtextual points of view, that one might regard as --

Michael: g*y?

[Behind them, Emmett accidentally rings the counterbell.]

Man: Right. Right.

Michael: Um, well let me see you're choices here. Can Imake some suggestions?

Man: Please.

Michael: You may try Alpha Flight No. 106, whereNorthstar takes in a boy with A*DS or a highly recommandX-Force No. 56, where Rictor and Shadowstar are describedas being 'more than friends.' There is one destiny you'relooking at.

Man: Good.

Vic: That's amazing how much Michael knows.

Debbie: What can I say? My kid is a genius!

[Art School. Dean Ryerson looksat some examples of Justin's latest works. Posters ofexploding heads, exploding cars, dismembered stuff, inharsh black, white, and red.]

Dean: These drawings are, uh, very disturbing.

Justin: That supposed to be.

Dean: A quite different with the work you submitted whenwe accepted you.

Justin: Well, I don't see things the same way.

Dean: Professor Stanly tells me, you're using a computer.

Justin: It's the only way I can work.

Dean: We're expect our students are master thetraditional disciplines.

Justin: Sometimes the traditional disciplines can be ahandicap, too. And as much as I'm not loose my hand, Ithough I can never be an artist again. But instead, thishas taught me new ways to be an artist -- ways that Inever would have thought of, otherwise.

[Debbies kitchen. Debbie asksJustin. Everyone is in there. Around the table.]

Debbie: So, what they say?

Justin: All my application was approved. He said I canstay.

[Everyone claps, cheers, and/or gets in line tohug/kiss.]

Brian: What's with all the kissing? Are you trying toturn him straight?

[He kisses Justin with deep passion.]

Debbie: Oh, sh*t, they're going to do it right here.

Vic: I'll get my camera.

Mel: Better you go in a room.

Michael: Save it for Ted's website.

Ted: Yeah, if you didn't mind a few bucks.

Brian: Don't put any ideas in his head.

Vic: Or mine.

Mel: Maybe we could do it. Help pay for the wedding.Whaddaya think, Teddy?

Ted: Sure thing, Mel. Just draw yourself in a 9 inchcock...

Lindsay: Can we just talk other than sex? For just a fewminutes?

[They look at each other. Anyone? No?]

Em: If the twink jerks off for more than eight hours,does he get overtime?

[Justin gets up to clear the dishes.]

Debbie: Don't you buzz here, honey! You aren't in thediner. Sit down.

Justin: Okay. Never mind. Brian would you grab one?

Brian: That?

[He reaches to his croatch.]

Justin: At the plate, please.

Brian: Yes, dear.

Debbie: Holy crap, they're like f*cking newlyweds!

Mel: I'll never thought I would live to see this.

Lindsay: I think it's wonderful.

Ted: Yeah. Ten bucks says they don't last a month.

Vic: I give it three weeks.

Michael: Call me romantic. Five.

Em: I'll raise at ten and say... two.

Mel: God, you're all pussies! Seventy-two hours!

[Lindsay sees shocked to Mel.]

Ted: Deb?

Debbie: I don't put a price on people's happiness.Considering all they've been through, I'd think thattheir friends would vote for the house, instead ofagainst it.

Ted: That's a good point. So, Linds, you're in or out?

Lindsay: We have to go.

Deb: Wait a minute. We have dessert.

Lindsay: We must be home at nine. Mel!

Mel: Sorry.

Debbie: I made a pie!

[In front of the house. Mel andLinds are all alone.]

Mel: Linds? You're ok?

Lindsay: I'm fine.

Mel: Cramps?

Lindsay: No!

Mel: You're crankier than Gus when he needs a nap.

Lindsay: I just need to get out of this all.

Mel: I know Teddy's tchotchkes can you drive you crazy,too.

Lindsay: This isn't about tchotchkes. This is about theconstant stream of sexual innuendo all evening. Andfrankly I didn't find a remorial at Ted's website atleast been amusing.

Mel: But I wasn't serious! When did you become such aprude?

Lindsay: I'm not a prude! OK, maybe I am. A little.

Mel: A little.

Lindsay: I don't understand people spreading their legsfor the whole world to see! The idea of anyone I knowbeing a part of it really bothers me. C'mon.

[Mel rubs her hand thoughtfully over her chin.]

[The Comic Book Store. The guyfrom yesterday's back.]

Michael: Back so soon? And don't tell me you want throughall those comics I gave you already.

Man: Yeah, well, I'm pretty fast. I mean, I read quickly.I don't waste a time. Life's too short. Who knows whatcould happen tomorrow -- or even five minutes from now?

Michael: Uh, that's true. Is anything else I can help youwith?

Man: Uh, yeah, I hope so. I should explain. My name isBen... Ben Bruckner.

Michael: Michael. Novotny.

Ben: I teach g*y Studies at Carnegie Mellon.

Michael: I knew it!

Ben: You knew what?

Michael: With all that talk about cultural references, Iknew you had to be...uh, a professor.

Ben: Oh, okay, anywhere we're exploring h*m* in thecultural from greek to... roman up to and including comiccultural, modern comic book cultur, so I'll do a littleresearch.

Michael: Research, right. Got it. Let me see if I foundsomething else for you.

Ben: Actually I already found what I want.

Michael: Yeah?

Ben: You.

Michael: Me?

Ben: Yeah, I'd like to come and speak to me class.

Michael: [laughs] About what?

Ben: Well, when it comes to comics you're obviously theexpert, so...

Michael: I wouldn't say that. It's some known about sinceI were a kid.

Ben: No, no, it's differently more than knowing. When youtalk about them, you have a passion. So, whaddaya say?Will you come?

[All of a sudden, Mike's face fades into a comic bookpanel, and a little balloon pops up over his head, whichsays, "Oh, Ben, take me away with you!" Mikebounces back to reality.]

Michael: Um, I'd love to come.

[Grocery store. Brian stands atthe opposite end of a vegetable display from another guy.Brian picks up a zucchini. The other guy picks up alarger one. Brian's like, okay, and picks up an evenlarger zucchini. The other guy picks one up that's evenlarger than that. Brian picks up the biggest one of all.]

Justin: Check it out. There got a second box of pennewith a coupon.

Brian: You clip coupons?!

Justin: Yeah. Until I save money.

Brian: I didn't know you were so tight.

Justin: [see the other man] Sure you did.

Brian: Why you didn't take these two boxes of penne backand get one box of rigatoni. f*ck the fifty cents. Andbuy some Crisco, even if it's not on sale!

Man#1: [to another] See that guy? That's Brian Kinney. Heused to be the hottest stud on Liberty Avenue. Now? He'sin a relationship.

[JerkAtWork.net. Ted's going overthe books while Robbie looks over his shoulder.]

Robbie: Did you include my expenses?

Ted: What is you're expenses?

Robbie: Body care lotion. Is was 8,50.

Ted: You have a receive? [Robbie looking in his pocket.]Yeah, it's okay. I'll take you're word for it. OK,percentage of total subribers and you're time online atto you're base. Come to a grand total of... 18.72$.

Robbie: Are you telling me I spend 8 hours wacking offfor 18 dollars?

Ted: A lot of people do it for free, you know.

Robbie: Yeah, but you said I gonna make like 500 $ a day.

Ted: That was based on the third-quarter projectedearnings.

Robbie: OK, what about this quarter?

Ted: You know, when you commit to a fledgling enterprise,it's not about the money; it's about investing in thefuture and nurturing growth.

Robbie: You know you can tell that to my d*ck, Ted.Because it's worn to a nub!

Ted: Well, I know a good physical therapist.

Robbie: Is that covered by the company health plan?

Ted: Company health plan?

Robbie: What about the 401k you was offered, too.

Ted: OK, we need to discuss that.

Robbie: You know, I know when somebody is jerking mearound. I quit.

Ted: But you're walking out a golden opportunity here.We're around the grand floor of it, creating of indever.

[he slams the door behind him.]

[Justin and Daphne walk back tothe loft, sharing a joint. In public.]

Daphne: My roommates, never pick up the clothes or makethe bed or ups wash the dish!

Justin: We have a cleaning lady that comes by twice aweek.

Daphne: I have to wait for hot water when I get to thebathroom. And when I got in there there's not hot waterleft.

Justin: We're shower together to save water.

Daphne: They're play the music to loud I can hear myselfthink.

Justin: That sounds awful.

Daphne: Yeah, it's wonderful.

Justin: I'm glad to living with Brian.

Daphne: Yeah, but don't get to comfortable. You don'tknow how long it lasts.

Justin: Mmmh, that's what everbody says but he's changed.Like today. There is a really cute guy with the goatieand leather jacket at the shopping sale. Normally wewould left me in the checkout line. This time there evenleft.

Daphne: Sounds like you check him out, too.

Justin: I'm on my sexual peak. From here on in it is alldone here.

[And Justin's so high, he almost passes the building.Daphne and Justin giggle all the way up to the loft andthrough the door, and Justin picks up a green apple offthe floor. They're still giggling when they find Brianhaving sex with Zucchini Man on the sofa. Then thegiggling stops. Justin tries to plaster an acceptingsmile on his face, but his eyes aren't having it.]

[Liberty Diner. At the counter,Ted's working on his books, Mike's working on hislecture, and Emmett in the middle.]

Em: I told you so. I tried to warn you. Didn't I try towarn him? Did I said or didn't I said something? But youwon't listen.

Ted: If I don't come up with something quick I'm gonnaloose my condo, my car, my a*s.

Em: You are not listening. I might as well be aninvisible man. Or worse, a mime.

Michael: He said I should start my speech with a joke.How about this one? How can you tell if a superhero isgay? His boots match his purse.

Em: [laughs] Sounds funny.

Ted: Not funny.

Michael: It stinks.

Em: OK, is no one going to acknowledge my presence?

Ted and Michael: Can you pass the creme?

[Emmett deliberately passes the cream to Ted and the jamto Mike. Mike and Ted look up and snort.]

Ted: He never listens.

[Debbie walks up with the coffee pot. About her T-Shirt"If you think my attitude stinks, you should

smellmy fingers."]

Deb: Okay, get 'em up, boys! The coffee cups, that is.

[Brian shows up, kisses Mike on the cheek, grabs Emmettfirmly by the shoulders.]

Brian: Good morning, Deb. A flop, two, sinkers, and somesuds.

Ted: Flop, sinker. My life is a breakfast combo.

Deb: Two eggs, a donut, and coffee for "Mr.Wonderful." Someone got lucky last night.

[Mike starts to read his speech from a set of blue indexcards, which he holds up really close to his face.]

Michael: h*m* in comic books. The male form isbeing worshiped from Mickeangelo to Captain Astro.

Brian: [to Deb] What's he doin'?

Deb: What's he doin'? Michael's given a lecture atCarnegie g*dd*mn Mellon. That's what he's doin'!

Brian: I'm impressed, Mikey. Next you'll be receivingyour honorary doctorate.

Michael: I don't think so. Especially when the closestI've come to higher education is when I f*cked thattextbook salesman from Cleveland.

Ted: Well according my calculation I've got just enoughmoney left for my funeral.

Em: Don't ask me to deliver the eulogy. No one wouldlisten.

Brian: Deb! My breakfast!

Deb: Workin' on it!

[Justin pouts on over with Brian's donut.]

Brian: Good morning, Sunshine.

Justin: Can I get you something else?

Brian: Uh, yeah. Come and think about it.

[Brian tries to inhale Justin's face. Justin pulls away.]

Justin: I've be late for class.

[Mikesenses that something's up. Mike catches up with Justin outside.]

Michael: Hey, you're mother teachin' to crossin' thegreen? What did he do now?

Justin: Nothing!

Michael: Cut the sh*t! I know that face. That's the'Brian Kinney just f*cked me' face.

Justin: Yeah, except it wasn't me he was f*cking. It wassome other guy. At home on the f*cking couch!

Michael: Another hurricane off the coast of Florida,another earthquake in Peru -- so what else is new?

Justin: I guess, I just though that now we're together...

Michael: ...this things will be different. Brian is nevergonna change. You know that.

Justin: Then why I am there?

Michael: Maybe because you got bashed in the head and he feels guilty? [Justin runs away.] Sorry, I didn't mean for the sound like that! Sorry.
[Zee Gym. Shots of men doing bicep curls on a bench, one after another.]

Ted: Eight thousand down the drain...nine thousand down the drain...

Em: Stop fredding, Teddy. I have a plan.

Ted: At this point, I am so desperate that I actuallystop what I'm doing, turn to you with a plaintiveexpression, and ask, 'You do?'

Em: Of course! After you lose everything you have in theworld, you move in with Michael and me. We have aninflatable mattress and a spare key.

Ted: Ten thousand down the drain...eleven thousand downthe drain.

[Emmett sees Zack O'Tool across the room.]

Em: OK, I have another idea.

Ted: Does it involve begging at an off-ramp or sleepingin a cardboard box?

Em: No, no. Actually it involves...

[Ted's looking at Zack.]

Ted: Zack O'Tool.

Em: Remember how I told you that you needed somethingbigger? Maybe now you'll listen.

[Emmettand Ted trot over to join the crowd of men surroundingthe massive porn star. Emmett pushes his way through.]

Em: Zack, so good to see you again.

Ted: Did you really expect a porn star of his magnet toremember you?

Em: Well, maybe he'll remember this.

[He opens up his mouth really wide.]

Zack: Oh, yeah. You were the guy who was supposed to blowme.

Ted: Yeah and I'm the guy who paid you to do it.

Em: So, what brings you to town?

Zack: Workin' on my new film. It's a football epic."Backsides in Motion". Jerk it off.

Em: Well, I love anything with shoulder pads. So...

Zack: I got to go.

[TheSteam Room. Naked men wander around, d*ck shots abound,etc. Ted and Emmett peer around the corner to stare atO'Tool.]

Em: Didn't I tell you that he was even bigger in person?It's huge.

Ted: It's gargantuan.

Em: It's just what you need. He need what everbody needs.C'mon.

[They sit down on either side of Zack.]

Em: Hey Zack.

Ted: Hay Zack.

Zack: Now what?

Em: Well, my friend has this live website...

Zack: I'm not interested.

Em: Oh well, since you have a legend of fans...

Zack: Not interested.

Ted: What better to plug your new picture?

Zack: Whacking off on the web is for amateurs, boys.

Em: We give you a thousand bucks, and a limousine,champagne and, uh, you're own personal fluffer.

Ted: [whispers] What did you saying? That will cost me afortune.

Em: Would you rather lose one?

Ted: So, Zack, how would you like to share your memberwith our members?

[Brian drives Mike to CarnegieMellon in his jeep.]

Michael: Sexy, perfect body, aloof, desirable, yetunattainable.

Brian: Okay, that's enough about me.

Michael: I was refering about Silver Surfer. This speechis for sh*t.

Brian: Why did you agree?

Michael: The professor is very cute.

Brian: Really?

Michael: Oh, you can put that idea right out of you'remind, mister. I saw him first. Besides you're living withsomeone.

Brian: He's living with me.

Michael: Whatever. Either way, you're all comfy and cozy.Except when you're f*cking other guys.

Brian: Who I f*ck is out of you're business or his.

[When they pull up to the school, Mike panics.]

Brian: Get out.

Michael: What the f*ck is the matter with you?

Brian: This is it.

Michael: This is a really damn idea. C'mon, let's go outof here.

Brian: Don't be pathetic. You made a commitment, nowyou're gonna go through with it.

Michael: Like you know about making commitment.

Brian: This why I never do.

Michael: What if I make fool about myself?

Brian: Who gives a sh*t -- it's f*cking college! Now, goshow the frat boys what real men are made of, and get mesome phone numbers while you're at it. Bye!

[On hisway to class, Mike tries not to be intimidated by hissurroundings. Following behind him are three students,one of whom is reading the title of Mike's lecture.]

Student#1: h*m* Themes and Imagery as Depictedin the Graphic Novel.

Student#2: You mean a comic book.

Student#1: I can just picture the big essay question onthe final: compare and contrast Michel Foucault withBatman and Robin!

Student#2: [laughs] How can you compare h*m* in comic books with Gide and Genet?

Student#3: Proust or Wilde?

Student#1: Baldwin or Williams?

Student#2: Who's giving this lecture anyway? Spiderman?

Student#3: There is this guy who rent a comic book store.

Student#1: Well, he should be a real brain trust.

[Everyone laughs derisively as they walk in the door tothe lecture hall. Mike's pretty much frozen at theentrance.]

[Mel and Lindsay's House.Lindsay's on the couch, eating cookies and rippingpictures out of bridal magazines. Melanie comes home fromwork. Lindsay gives her a big hug and kiss.]

Lindsay: So, what do you think? Sexy, timeless.

Mel: Gee, you want wearing wedding dresses?

Lindsay: What else?

Mel: Well, we could always wear strap-ons, and getmarried on Ted's website.

Lindsay: I don't think that's funny. How could a nice,intelligent person do something like that? C'mon let's gothose magazines together.

Mel: Alright.

[Melanie leaves the room for a second and returns with abig cardboard box.]

Lindsay: What do you doing?

Mel: After I came out, in fact I was in college my dadcut my off. He told me that he never want to see meagain. And I figured that I had to find a way to supportmyself. But you know how Jewish parents are. 'Forever'turned out to be three weeks. By then I made up enough topay for the rest of the year's tuition and the next.

[Mel come out with the Oui magazine. That's a magazine offemale pornography.]

Mel: It's not exactly modern bride.

[Lindsay takes the issue Mel offers her and thumbsthrough it cautiously. And there Melanie is, buck naked,tummy sucked in, back arched, and lips pursed, fingersintwined in a string of pearls.]

Lindsay: Oh my god! Oh my god! Oh my god, Mel!

[The dungeon.]

Ted: 503 people already logged on to see Zack O'Tool.

Em: Is that good?

Ted: Do the math. 29.95 times 503 is 15.000 dollars.Yeah, this is very, very good.

Em: And all want to see Zack wack. When he's gettin'here?

Ted: Any minute now.

Em: You know, Teddy, I'm so proud of you. You took yourdream, grabbed it by the ba*ls, shaved them, and made itcome true.

[phone rings.]

Ted: JerkAtWork.net see Zack O'Tool wack. Hello?

[On the other end, The Zack is only wearing football padsand his really long d*ck.]

Zack: Hello? Tad?

Ted: No, this is Ted. Zack?

Zack: Yeah, yeah. I'm here on set. We're running a littlebehind...

Ted: What, what do you mean a little behind?

Zack: I'm about to do my big scene where I ream the teamfor fumbling their ba*ls.

Ted: I mean, we could start a little later.

Zack: The director's calling. I've got my big wide shot.

Ted: Zack!

Zack: Look, you know Ted, no I can't make it. Thanks. [hehangs up.]

Em: Teddy, what is it?

Ted: I've got 503 horny cyber geeks waiting to see ZackO'Tool jacking the beanstalk, only he's not coming! Atleast not here. What I am gonna do?

Em: My offers still stands the inflatable bed and thespare key still stands are yours.

[Ted looks over at Emmett for a sec.]

Ted: Get on the bed.

Em: Excuse me?

Ted: I said get on the bed!

Em: What for?

Ted: Whattaya think? The show must go on!

Em: Ted, are you crazy?

Ted: You like jerk it off, don't you? I mean you do itanyway.

Em: Yes, but not in front of hundreds of people. Besidethey're sign in to see Zack O'Tool, not me.

Ted: It doesn't matter. At this point, a d*ck's a d*ck.And you're the only d*ck I've got! Here!

[Ted throws a bottle of lube at him.]

Em: Y'know, I'm sorry Teddy, every friendship, even oneas deep and as close as ours, has its limitations.

Ted: I'll paying you what I pay Zack O'Tool.

Em: Then again if you can you're friend a favor.

[In Brian's loft, Justin isdrawing on the computer. Brian comes up behind him andstarts to nuzzle his neck.]

Justin: Stop!

Brian: Why? What have you something better to do?

Justin: Homework?

Brian: Well, I'm in a really sh*t trouble. You're notstill upset about the Zucchini Man, are you? I don't evenremember it or him. It was nothing.

Justin: I know. It's just you being you. I know who youare. I don't expect you to change, in fact, I don't evenwant you to.

Brian: Then what?

Justin: Why am I here?

Brian: One night you're mommy and daddy want to make ababy...

Justin: You know what I'm mean. It's just you feel guiltyabout what happened? [Pause] Answer me. Answer me! If Ihadn't get bash in the hat would I even be here?

[Brian doesn't have a quick enough answer to that, andJustin picks up his stuff and st*lks off.]

[Mike's closing the store. Bencomes up.]

Ben: Hey Michael. I was trying to catch you.

Michael: Well, you caught me.

Ben: Yeah, the class waitin' for you. You never showed.

Michael: Yeah, the thing is I was really busy. I had youjust called. I'm sorry.

Ben: But I'd like to reschedule. How's Thursday?

Michael: Well, I'm starting a new business. I don't thinkI have the time.

Ben: Yeah, uh, I think I understand. It was an impositionin the first place.

Michael: Wait, wait. Look. The truth is I'm not Brainiac.

Ben: Well wait, one of Superman's arch-villains, am Iright? See, I'm learning.

Michael: I'm impressed. Standing in front of a bunch ofcollege students pretending that I know something isbullshit!

Ben: Why is it bullshit, Michael?

Michael: Because the Justice League of America isn'texactly Proust or Foucault, or whoever the f*ck they are.

Ben: You could tell them something. What you know is justas valuable. You have this incredible knowledge of gaysemiotics that you don't even realize.

Michael: g*y what?

Ben: Never mind, it is no matter. The point is you havethis...

Michael: Passion?

Ben: Irradiate it. It's like the Flynn.

Michael: Well, that must be why...I'm a little hot.

[The dungeon.]

Ted: No, no, they're bailing fast.

Em: Well, what did you expect? Signing up to see ZackO'Tool and instead they get me. They screaming for therunning back.

Ted: And I'm gonna give it to them unless you start doin'something!

[Emmett lamely waves at the camera.]

Ted: Take something off!

[Emmett gingerly unbuttons his shirt.]

Ted: Better. Take off you're g*dd*mn pants!

Em: Alright!

[Emmett turns his back to the camera, cautiously takesoff his pants and strips down to his black bikiniunderwear.]

Ted: And now you're undies. Good, right. 180 and holding.I think we've stopped the bleeding.

Em: What do I do now?

Ted: What do you mean? You grab your pud and you pull!

[Emmett slowly turns around to face the camera.]

Ted: It's starting to grow up.

Em: So am I.

Ted: Holy sh*t!

Em: What? What?

Ted: You're bigger than O'Tool! Our subscriber are to,250. OK, keep stroking!

Em: I always told you I was a grower, not a show-er. Whatwaiting for me to sh**t?

Ted: Not yet.

Em: How much longer?

Ted: 530! Now, now, now! Go, go, go. sh**t, sh**t, sh**t!

[He shoots all over himself.]

Ted: Emmett, that's amazing. That is amazing! No one'sever going to know that you used the jizzball.

Ted: What jizzball?

[Ben's classroom. Mike finallygets to give his lecture.]

Michael: The male figure has been worshipped fromMichelangelo's David all the way to Captain Astro.

[There's even a slide show behind him, showing variouscomic book heroes.]

Michael: The strength and musculare... [he stopps] ofthe... of the...

[Ben nods at him reassuringly. Mike gives his head ashake and sighs.]

Michael: I'm sorry, you know what? I haven't a clue whathomoeroticism in literature means, I just know that TheFlash looks good in tights. I start reading Flash andSuperman and Captain America when I was just a kid. Atfirst, because it was fun. I liked the stories, and Iliked the pictures. It was a great escape from all theshit -- uh, sorry, the stuff that was bugging me. And mymom didn't want me to read them. But later at I'mrealised that... later as I'm realised that I was g*y Iread them for a different reason. Because, in ways thatmaybe were not intended, these superheroes were a lotlike me. You know, at

work they were meek andunderappreciated. They were the guys that never getlaid... [students laughs] And when they're around otherpeople, they can't let anybody get too close for fearthat their true identities would be discovered. Withinall the villians and the monsters and the evil forcesthat are trying to destroy them somehow they're survived.Even the one thing that can k*ll Superman, one thingwhich he has no immunity, cryptonit, altermately you knowthat he'll survive that and he'll go on and safe theworld. I believe the same about us. That's what thecomics have shown me -- that despite everything, we'llsurvive. And we'll win. But back to the guy in thetights. [class laughs and so Ben.]

[It's raining in Pittsburgh, andJustin shows up on Debbie's doorstep, drenched to thebone.]

Debbie: Sunshine! What are you doin' here?

Justin: You haven't rent my old room, yet?

Debbie: No, come in here.

[Cut to Brian at Woody's.]

Debbie: Hasn't the kid went through enough that you causehim more pain?

Brian: Stay out of it!

Debbie: The f*ck I will! I care about him, all you careabout is you're...

Brian: ...getting my d*ck sucked. I think that form isestablished. Now Debbie move on from there.

Debbie: Look, all I want is...

Brian: ...to interfere?

Debbie: You can call whatever the f*ck you want. I don'twant Justin hurt.

Brian: Well, that's life, isn't it? Surprise!

Debbie: You think you have everybody fooled, don't ya?But not me, honey. I've known you too long. Andregrettably, too well. And no matter how hard you triedto deny it I can tell you care as much about him as hecares about you. Only you haven't the big hairy ball tosay it.

Brian: Oh, maybe I can borrow your's?

Debbie: Whatever it takes. To admit that you love him.And I know you do. Despite all your efforts to never letanother heart touch yours, that assume you have one. Thatlittle persistent kid has somehow gotten under the wire.And that's what happen, huh? Admit the truth. You lovehim, don't ya? [Pause] I though so. Then tell him. Tellhim what you could never say to Michael.

[Babylon!]

Ted: Hey, how about a drink after this hard day work?

[Ted hands out flyers for the website to all the Hotties,one of whom is checking Emmett out.]

Em: What that incredible cute guy crusing me?

Ted: Not just cruising. He's in maximum overdrive.

Man#1: Excuse me, what that you today on the website?

Ted: Oh yeah, it was. And come back and see him onJerkAtWork.net soon.

Man#1: You're performance was really inspiring. You mindsigning this for me?

Em: Oh, ok. To Christopher. Thanks for being such...a bigfan..I hope I can live up to it. All my best...love andluck...Emmett. Honeycutt.

Man#1: Wow, thanks.

[The man leaves them.]

Ted: My little star. We've get you a porn name.

Em: What's wrong with Emmett Honeycutt?

Ted: No, porn lore has it that you're supposed to takethe name of your childhood pet, and add the street thatyou grew up on.

Em: My favourite mutch w*r Fetch.

Ted: And the street?

Em: We live at the corner of Nathan and Dixon.

Ted: Fetch Dixon. A star is...porn.

[The Happy Fun Bedroom. Lindsayflips through another bridal magazine. She decides tocheck out that issue of Oui instead, and flips straightto Melanie's pictures. Melanie eventually catches Lindsaymasturbating to them.]

Mel: I though you didn't like porn.

Lindsay: And I like even less thinking about all thosestrange men, and even a few women, looking at you.

Mel: It was a long time ago before I knew you.

Lindsay: Why you didn't have ever told me?

Mel: It's not something really boost about. I practicallyforget about it.

Lindsay: I doesn't like having any secrets. There aren'tmore, are there?

[Mel shakes her head and pulls off her tank top.]

Mel: I swear. What about you?

Lindsay: Well, there was that time I was a hooker inAlaska. But that was only a summer job.

Mel: I used to have a pretty hot bod.

Lindsay: You still do.

Mel: Why settle for a magazine when you can have the realthing?

[Babylon! In grainy black andwhite, no less. From the balcony, Brian watches Justinmake out with an Hottie on the dance floor.]

Brian: Hey.

Justin: Hey.

Brian: [to the hottie] Hey, f*ck off!

Justin: What do you want?

Brian: You were right. The reason I took you in was thatyou took a bat to the head. But that's not the reasonthat I want you to stay. But don't get the idea we'resome married couple. Cause we're not. We're not, like,f*cking straight people. We're not like you're parents.And we're not a parent d*kes marching on the fareways.We're q*eers, and if we're together, it's because we wantto be, not because there's matching locks on our doors.So if I'm out just assume I'm doin' exactly what I wantto doin'. I'm f*cking. And when I come home, I'm alsodoing what I want to be doing. Coming home to you.

Justin: OK, I want some things too. You can f*ck whoeveryou want, as long as it is not twice. Same for me. And nonames or numbers exchanged. And no matter where you are,no matter what you're doin' you always come home. Say 2.

Brian: 4.

Justin: 3 AM. One more thing. You don't kiss anyone elseon the mouth but me.

[In response, Brian gives him a big old heartstopper of akiss.]

[At Ben's home. Ben brings Mike abeer, and a book.]

Michael: Thanks.

Ben: Oh, I've got something else for ya.

Michael: R-U-1-2? R-U-1-2, I get it! You're wrote this?You wrote a book?

Ben: Yes, yes, it's me first and last novel. Which thereviewer called "a noble effort from a fresh newvoice." There was on the remainder table soonafterward.

Michael: I didn't nobody who wrote a book before.

Ben: Open it.

Michael: "To Michael. Beneath his mild-manneredappearance beats the heart of a superhero. Ben."

Idon't know what to say.

[He gives Ben a hug.]

Ben: So, where were we?

Michael: About this.

[They start making out. Kissing. Unbuttoning each other'sshirts. Pants. But Ben suddenly pulls away! Mike'sconfused.]

Ben: Hey, hey, Michael. Wait a minute.

Michael: What for?

Ben: I just want you to know that... I'm HIV-positive.

End.

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